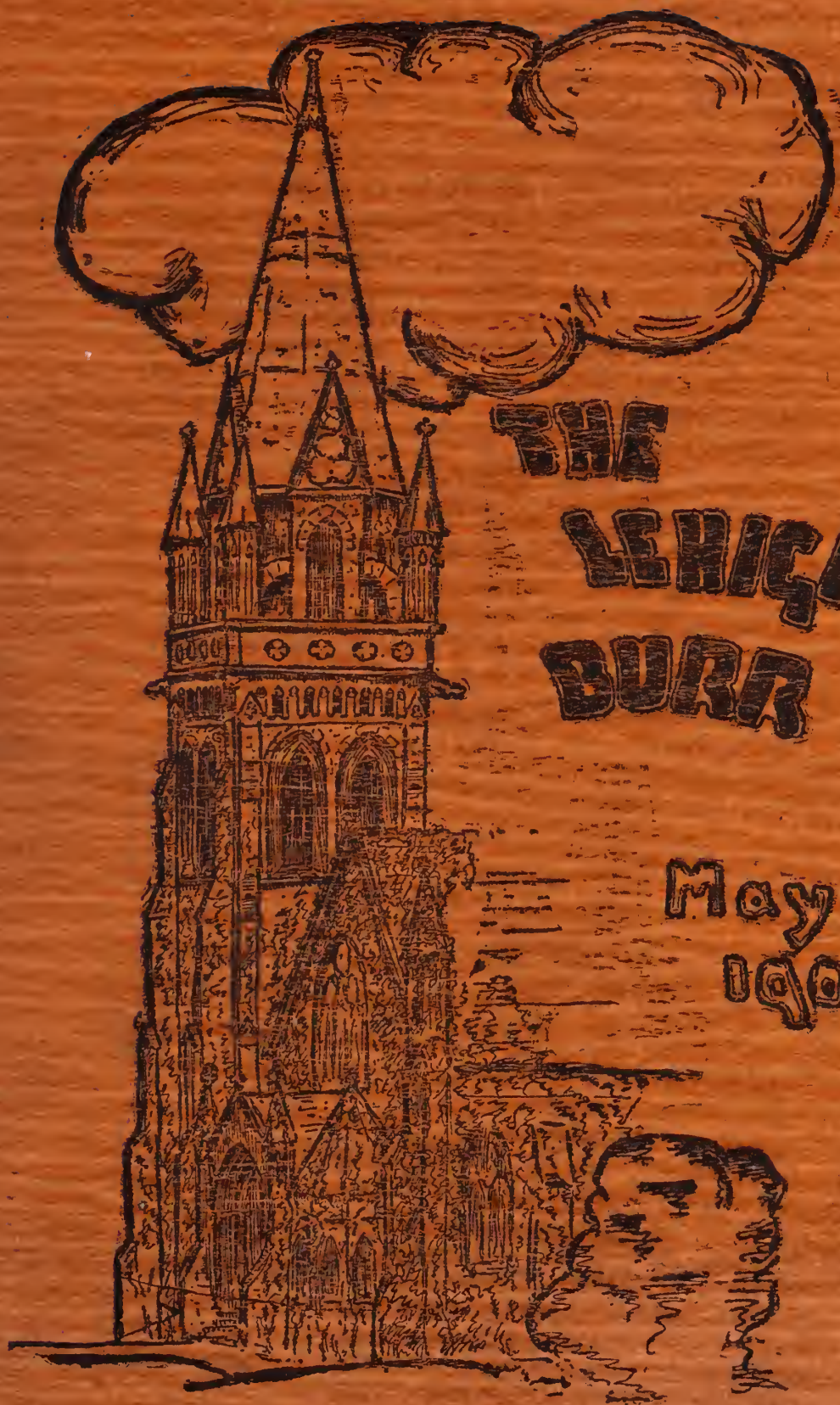






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LEHIGH
BURR

May
1905

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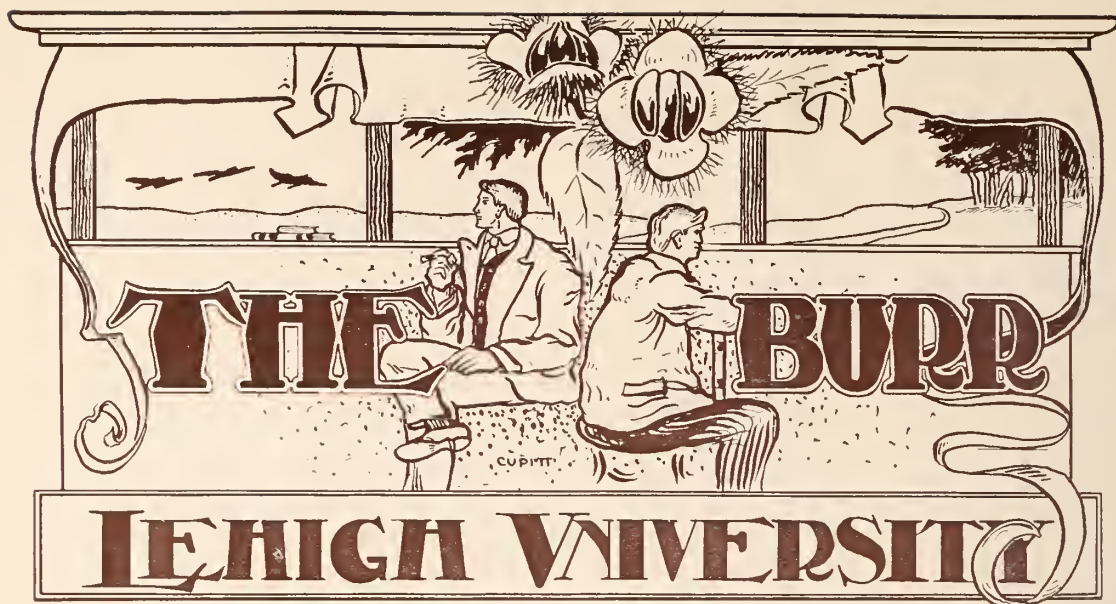
UNANGST, PHARMACY,

Second Door above Eagle Hotel,

BETHLEHEM, PA.

M A P.

Awake! fair Earth, old Winter's gone!
His reign of frost and snow is done;
Thy time of life and love's begun!
Cast off his chilly robe of death.
Draw from the South a fragrant breath;
Where for so long the snow has been
Let blade, and bud, and bloom be seen.
And don thy beauteous robe of green.
All life is springing free and young.
On every side we hear and see
The pledges sweet of things to be:
Nature has loosed her varied tongue.
To hear is perfect bliss;
The bird calls sound above, below:
The small streams singing as they go.
The grass blades whisper as they grow:
No time compares with this:
In sheltered nooks the violet blows,
Giving us promise of the rose.



Volume I.

May 17, 1905.

Number 9.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

H. R. LEE, '06, Editor-in-Chief.
A. W. CUPITT, '06, Managing Editor.
H. E. STEELE, '07, Business Manager.

F. A. HENRY, '06.
J. B. REYNOLDS, '07.
N. CUNNINGHAM, '08.

Published monthly during the college year by the students of Lehigh University.

Contributions must be mailed to H. R. Lee, Vine Street, South Bethlehem, Pa.; drawings not later than the tenth of the month for which they are intended, and written matter not later than the twelfth.

Address all business communications to H. E. Steele, 471 Vine Street, South Bethlehem, Penna. Copy for change of advertisements must be in the hands of the business manager by the first of the month.

THE BURR is on sale at the principal news stands in Bethlehem.

Single copy, 15 cents. \$1.25 per year in advance.

Entered at Bethlehem Post-office as second-class matter, June 18, 1904.

Office of publication, 144 South Main Street.

"We would rather die universally damned than never to have been known at all."

Editorial.

THE PRESENT BOARD, consisting of but a few of the original laborers upon this featherweight publication, assumes its work and responsibilities with an adequate knowledge of its own lack of fitness. But it is not our intention to sound the note of discouragement in so saying. Whether in war or in college journalism, the public prefers the bugle-blast of the assembly to that wild, wailing note of the retreat. More men and more enterprises fail through overestimation of their abilities and prospects than by reason of underestimating the same. We wish to say nothing of what THE BURR is, but may at times drop an idea of what its friends hope it will be. To quote from the recently adopted constitution: "The object shall be the development of the literary, artistic, and humorous ability of the student body of Lehigh University, and the bringing of these phases of student activity more definitely before the notice of the public." Our wish is not to stand upon the work of the former Board and call attention to the present status of the paper; but to develop along the lines mentioned in the foregoing quotation. That merit rests, not upon a

THE LEHIGH BURR.

present state of excellence, but upon steady improvement, is nowhere truer than in college journalism. We are sure that there is much room for improvement. Have not a host of friends told us so, in firm—nay, even harsh accents? Truly our thanks are due to these self-sacrificing men, who unhesitatingly ruin a five-cent shine in crossing a muddy street just to tell us, with tearful and heartfelt earnestness, how poor the current issue is. So, whatever of vainglory, or even of hope, may have crept into these humble lines will surely be blotted out in the inky tempest of gentle rebuke ere this little screed is many days older. With this small comment upon our relations to the reading public we shall proceed to do our humble *devoir*, and retire to the cyclone cellar.



A WORD, now, about contributions may not be amiss. We may be pardoned for making a few curious statements, in view of the fact that they are true. In the first place, THE BURR is not run for the purpose of giving the Board something to do, or even to give them an opportunity of perpetrating frothy alleged literature upon their patient fellow-men. On the contrary, we are always anxious to hear from active accomplices. These persons are called, by courtesy, contributors. If they do considerable work they may be termed literary contributors; if they do most of our work they are called valuable or esteemed contributors; and if their work is exceptionally fine, and any vacancies exist, they may hope at some remote date to rise so high in the scale of journalistic crime as to be termed members of the Board. THE BURR was revived by students who have ever been anxious for the advancement of Lehigh in the college world. In view of their initial difficulties, we may acquit them of any personal motives in so doing. Given, then, that THE BURR is for Lehigh, may we not ask that all Lehigh shall be for THE BURR, heart and soul? The purpose of the paper has been stated in a quotation from the constitution. "To return to our muttons," as our old friend, Hob Botchkin, the Green Mountain philosopher, used to say, we respectfully but insistently request that every student who can express an interesting idea in words or picture shall do so in the future. As a mere matter of economy, it is plain that, if we receive the help due us, the paper will be improved, and, consequently, the time usually spent in criticising it may be devoted to working on the next issue, and so on. In conclusion, we would especially invite the unofficial assistance of the retiring members of the Board toward making the Commencement Number a little better than the present one. Let every one give his assistance before examinations. The Muse and Exams. won't mix.



THE LAST of the Y. M. C. A. course of entertainments has been presented, and THE BURR feels that a word of approbation is in order. One of the most advanced ideas on moral education points to the necessity of providing wholesome entertainment to take the place of the more useless and objectionable ways of spending spare time. The Y. M. C. A. has provided for the students of Lehigh the means of spending four profitable and instructive evenings free from temptation. The average man forsakes his old ways only when more attractive paths are opened to him. We earnestly hope for a repetition of the course next year.



THE recent work of the Lacrosse Team has shown Lehigh and the world of sport that we are still playing the game for all we have in us. Though defeated by Hopkins and Swarthmore, these doughty rivals have borne away with their hard-earned victory the impression that Lehigh is now, as ever, a dangerous competitor for the coveted championship.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

THE ENTHUSIAST wishes all success to the Press Club. We are a great institution and we have an uncontrollable propensity for epoch-making, which only fails to make the epoch because the epoch is deprived of the opportunity of cheering us through the medium of the newspapers. Although, under these circumstances, we can not blame the epoch for allowing itself to be made by some inferior article, we can at least take steps to "butt into" what is becoming more and more the University of Chicago's private preserve.

In order to do this we must have a successful Press Club, and to have a successful Press we must bring it about that the newspapers be anxious to get Lehigh news.

Now, why not appoint a committee to create a little judicious publicity? The discovery of a few promiscuous bombs in the University buildings might lead to blood-curdling revelations of a Russian character. After running this for a sufficient time the committee might salt South Mountain from the resources of the mineralogical museum, and the wonderful discoveries of parties of our mining and geological students would probably cause quite a stir in newspaper circles.

The Enthusiast is confident that, should the Press Club see fit to work for a time along these lines, Lehigh might soon become as world-renowned as Moravian peppermints.



ONE REASON why the Enthusiast goes to Chapel three times a week is that he loves the Chapel services. The simple beauty appeals to the esthetic in his nature. Above all is his soul uplifted by the heartiness with which we students enter into our part. To see the most ardent grind, as well as he who, after a night of recreation, would fain snatch a furtive glance at the day's recitations, cast aside his books upon gaining his seat; to feel the great building rock as the hymns and responses are thundered forth—what greater inspiration could one need with which to begin the day?



AS THIS SHEET wakes up but once a month, we shall spare you all the pain of listening to an apology concerning the lateness of this comment on the Mustard and Cheese performance, May 6, A. D. 1905. Incidentally, we are not sure whether this show occurred A. D. 1905 or 1901, as some chronologists claim that we have taken the base line of our time diagram at - 4. Well, never mind: we shall reserve any heated discussion of the matter for eternity. We shall not have such a full roster then.

At any rate, the performance took place as announced, in comparison with which the four years mentioned before are negligible and hence can be ignored. After excellent music by the University Symphony Association—pardon, we mean the College Orchestra—the curtain rose to the manly strains of "The Sky is Fair and Blue," sung by a chorus of Lehigh men equal to any similar body of college glee singers in the country. This song has a deep allegorical meaning hidden beneath its sparkling surface. It conveys to the elect and initiated the idea that the nearest quiz is a week away and not a member of the Faculty in sight, otherwise the ærulean shade would be transferred to the erstwhile jolly students themselves.

While it is scarcely our place to spend a paragraph in laudation of each member of the cast, as they already subscribe to this periodical, we would especially commend the artistic work of Buttersemmel, Jack Horner, and Snowball. Incidentally, this gives us an

THE LEHIGH BURR.

opportunity of discouraging preconceived notions. Thus it was a notion based entirely upon our own personal equation and the name Buttersemmel that led us to picture that interesting character as a bouncing "Duchess." This ethereal picture of lovely rotundity was rudely dashed to smithereens by the gaspipe underpinning of the lady herself.

Of the performance of Jack Horner and Snowball we can merely say that it was spirited to the highest degree. The Spirit of '76, the Spirit of '64, guaranteed, and the old Lehigh Spirit were not in it compared to the spirit which was in these histrionic heroes of ours. Every fibre of their being was saturated with it—nay, it even exuded from their pores, carrying some of their jollity and mirth straight to the hearts of the highly appreciative audience. When the curtain fell for the last time upon the entire company, as they filled the vaulted ceiling with the exuberance of glad melody, the audience reluctantly departed, wishing that the production had only been longer, and amid the final blast of vibrant, brazen-throated harmony from the erstwhile quiescent orchestra the Enthusiast slowly left the building, feeling with thankful heart that Lehigh has real cause for pride in the public-spirited Thespians who ran off the last show in a blaze of iridescent glory. That's all.



THE Enthusiast suggests that May 6 be made a day of prayer and fasting in Lehigh forever.



ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

No. 1.



"IN THE VILLAGE BY THE SEA."

THE LEHIGH BURR.



*Differential \bar{X} , differential \bar{Y}
Differential, differential!
By, Baby, By!*

KNOCKING SOME.

First Student (finding the Supply Bureau locked): Hello, hello, the Supply Bureau is closed tight.

Second Student: Yes, and it's a blamed sight tighter than it's closed too.

HINDS, ELDRIDGE & NOBLE have recently published a new song-book, entitled "Most Popular College Songs." As is characteristic with all the publications gotten up by this firm, it is very well compiled and contains the latest and most catchy college songs.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Rubaiyat Of Omar Lehigham.

I.

Wake! The alarm clock's scattered into
flight
Another bunch of pipe-dreams with the night;
First hour is on, the sun already strikes
Old Packer's turrets with a shaft of light.

II.

Before the College bell's stern warning died
Methought the fiends, from Chapel rushing,
cried,
"When Math. and such delights are all pre-
pared,
"Why nod the drowsy pike s still inside?"

III.

And, as they're locked out, those who stood
before
The Class Room shouted, "Open, damn, the
door!
"Our cuts are near the total limit now;
"Again flunked out, we can return no more."

IV.

First year, indeed, is gone with all its woes—
The Fresh. rejoices; yet he little knows
The Faculty is on his trail with worse:
For instance, Calculus and Dynamos.

V.

Come, get together, and in time of Spring
From out the camphor balls your glad rags
bring.
The time to rush the queen is here at last;
To fuss at Lehigh now is quite the thing.

VI.

Each year a thousand pippins brings, you
say;
Yes, but where leaves the Peach of yester-
day?
The fancy Fannys whom you fussed last
year
As college widows quickly fade away.

VII.

A bunch of fellows, 'neath the chestnut's
bough,
A good pipe, Peter's chocolate—I trow
If time for this we'd get once in a while
Oh, Lehigh! then were Paradise now!

VIII.

Almighty Thornburg writes, and, having writ,
Posts Math.: nor all your cussing, tears nor
wit

Shall lure him to give you another "Re."
You'll find in this game you are always IT.

IX.

Some for the Wilbur Scholarship, and some
Sigh for home joys and Summer's cinch to
come.
Oh, hike to Allentown, and fiend no more;
To grind serves but to put you on the bum.

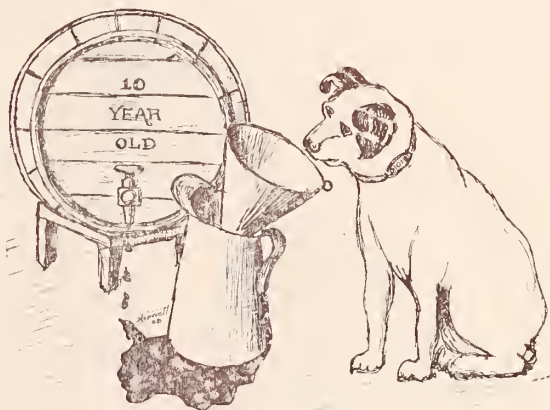
X.

Yet, make the most of life which here you
spend
Before you too into the world descend;
The world cares nothing for your rep. while
here—
On hot air, nerve and brass you must depend.

XI.

And when, O Lehigh, June shall come to
pass,
The Grads. and Queens stroll o'er the Cam-
pus grass,
Pause in this festive time and think of me.
Oh, fudge, I've flunked into a lower class!

B.



"His MASTER'S BREATH."

WHEN?

"When may I sleep again?" he cried,
As the baby began to squall;
And a saucy echo answered back:
"A-f-t-e-r—t-h-e—b-a-w-l."

—The Targum.

"Do you think she dresses well?"
"I never saw her dress."

—The Jester.

Work overtime is power : $\frac{w}{t} = P$

THE LEHIGH BURR

A SPRING WALTZ.

(To be chanted to the soft tum-tum of the piccolo.)

Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!
How the typhoid microbes sing;
How the cascaret is king—
Ob joy!

Spring! Spring! Oh, so gay!
Pesky bugs are here to stay;
Juicy mud besfrews the way—
Squash! Squash!

Spring! Spring! What a fuss!
Ma is getting strenuous;
Pa thumps carpets, bear him cuss!
—!!! —!!!

Spring! Spring! Zephyr-like!
Off ye gallant fishers bike;
Simple life for ours, sure Mike—
Ye—ow!

Spring! Spring! Stuffed with glee!
See! What a variety!
We are it, it's plain to see—
Stung again!

B.

The Drama as She Is Played.

Tweedle! Tweedle! Jink! Jink?
Swe-et? Swe-et!
Red light! Thunder on the Left!
“Halt, villain! At last, Jim Black, we
meet face to face!”

Whang! Ta-ra-ta-ra!

“For sixteen years I have dogged youah
footsteps, borne by a hatred that has scorched
me very vitals!”

Toot! Toot! Whe-e! Whe-e!

“I have yeh in me power at last. Nothing
on earth can save ye from just retribution!”

Ta-ra-ra! Boom!

“Draw and defend youahself!”

Whang! Bing! Swish!

“Hold! Jack Harrington, I fear yeh not.
I defy yeh to show me how I have wronged
yeh!”

Ta-ra! Ta-ra!

“Yeh dare to question me! Heah and
tr-r-remble!”

Bink! Zing!

“Sixteen yehs ago me home was a para-
dise. Me wife, a loving mother. Me children
prattled happily about the house. But now
—now—”

Whe-e-e-e! Boom!

“Me home is in ruins. Me wife no longer
greet me with a loving smile. Me children
cry hungrily for food! All joy is gone. And
you, viper! you did it when you entered me
home—”

Bang! Ta-ra! Ta-ra! Wheedle! Tweedle!
Toot! Toot! Whang!

“And married me cook?”

Bing! Zing!

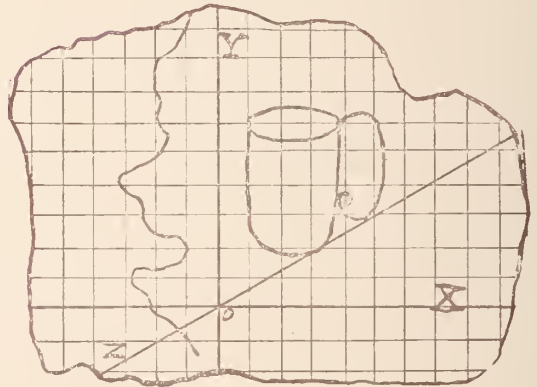
Swish!

Swat!

Curtain.

B.

Puzzle Department.



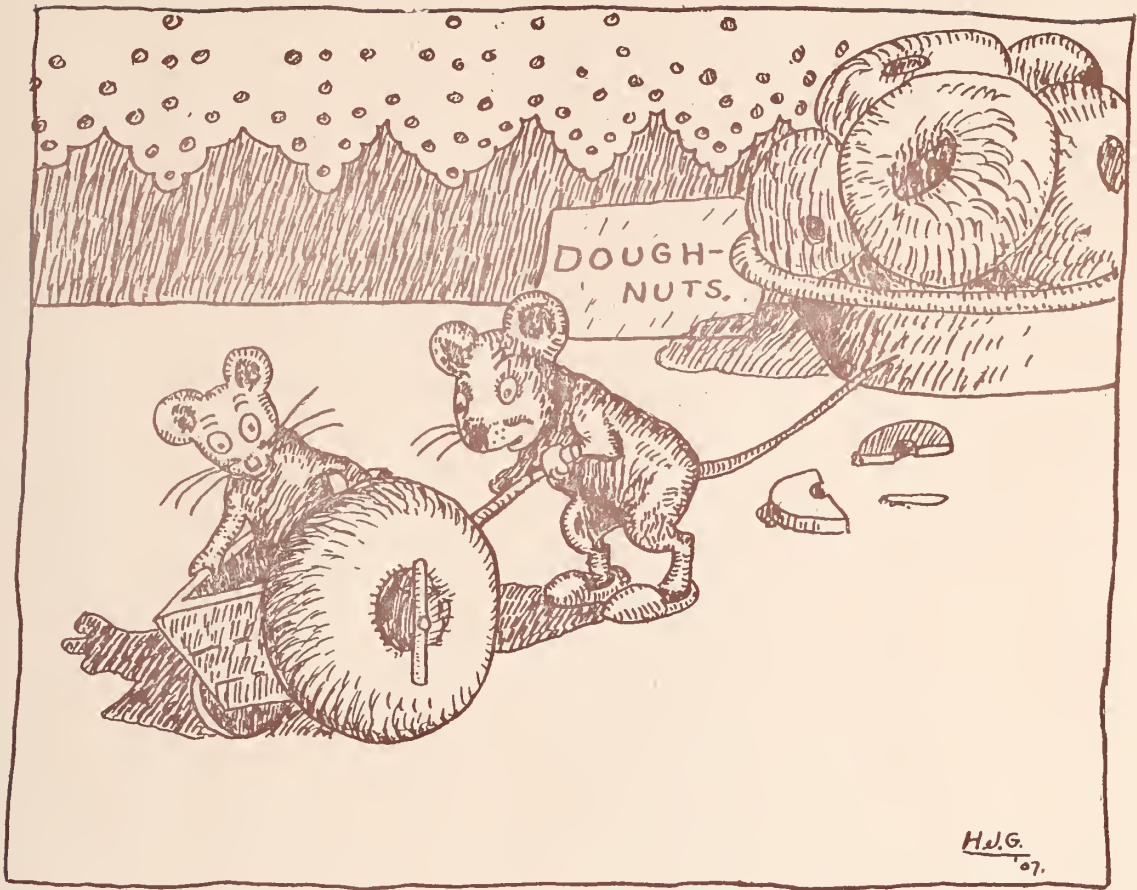
The above correct solution of

$$\sqrt[3]{x^2 y} \quad \sqrt[3]{\frac{o}{o}}$$

was found in Packer Hall. If the author will
make himself known by paying his subscrip-
tion he will receive the prize as announced
in our last issue.

REMARK: It will no doubt interest our
readers to know that the curve on the right
represents the energy contained in seventeen
highballs. This energy, if properly applied,
will produce the curve on the left from a
given straight line parallel to the way home.

THE LEHIGH BURR.



NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

TO OSBORNE'S DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS.

Thou little brown booklet, thou scourge of my life,
Thou mock of my labor, thou scene of my strife,
Relieve my dull senses and calm my hot brow,
Oh, little book, cruel book, do it just now.

In sackcloth and ashes I've sat o'er my flunks,
In meekest submission I've paid out my plunks,
In hopes of salvation to come from thy hand;
But worse I grow nightly, I'm lost in thy land.

Thou spirit of darkness, thou soul of the night,
Oh, send a kind angel! oh, pity my plight!
If out of sheer mercy I ever see light,
I'll say in my wisdom that thou art all right.

H.

Titration.

You add three drops of $x y z$
And stir and boil and boil and stir;
And if it turn a huntsman's green
The end point's reached, do you infer.
And as you turn to read the scale
And smile a smole to think you're through,
You wildly tear your hair and cuss—
The gol-durned thing has turned sky blue.
And then you add some $p q r$,
And stir and boil, and stir some more:
You hear a crack—alack! alas!
Solution drips out on the floor.

The Harmless Toy Cannon.

At the Mothers' Convention, recently held in the City of Busseldom, the genius of the inventor of the New Harmless Gas Cannon was heartily commended. The Mammas seemed to think that it would be more pleasant, in the future, not to have Johnny crying about the house over the loss of an eye or two. Again, fewer rags will be required for bandages than formerly, and the revenue derived from selling the rags will be larger. Such are a few of the reasons which influenced this action.

On the other hand, the Medical Fraternity of Busseldom has taken a decided stand against the Busseldom Toy Gas Cannon Trust, Limited, and its officers. Looking to their future prospects, as is their custom, these pill-dispensers see a very slim harvest of fees after the coming Glorious Fourth of July; for then Young America is wont to celebrate with a toy cannon and the next day the doctors sew the fragments of Patriotism together. A change, with its pecuniary loss, appears to the physicians "like taking bread from the mouths of babes."

To stave off the calamity, various rash ventures were proposed, but only one looked feasible. The students of Leipsic University must be forced into taking destructive action toward the Trust's property. Unless they complied, no more certificates of sickness would be given after the students had spent hilarious evenings at Carl's or at the Brighton. This scheme finally carried.

When the inventor heard that the doctors were dismissing servants because of their dark financial outlook, he is said to have remarked laughingly, "Shame to take their money." Moreover, nothing is feared from the students, partly because the physicians overlooked the fact that professors grade quiz papers. Further, the Mothers are considered a stronger combination than the Sawbones. For, haven't they influence over their lovely daughters, the fair belles of Busseldom,

and haven't the daughters great influence over the students? In short, the case is clearly against the doctors, so that, on the coming Independence Day, a new note will be sounded—the triumphant roar of the New Toy Gas Cannon guaranteed to be harmless.

Reflections.



To that oily acquaintance of my student days, from whose sleek and polished exterior were reflected some of my personal failings at considerable length; to that upright roommate of four long years, who, though he smokes excessively, goes out and gets lit every night, has never objected to night work; to the bright, cheery but wicked companion whose very presence is sufficient to illuminate the stiffest page of Math. or the saturnine countenance of my landlady; to my old "Student Lamp" the author wishes to dedicate the little volume by that name which he will write when he gets time.

The Rambler Automobile,

SEVEN MODELS, \$750. TO 3000.



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Our Spring Suits at \$8, \$10, \$12 to \$20.00, are in Fit, Style, Workmanship, and Quality, Material, superior to anything we have ever before shown.

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Fowne's Gloves, Superb Neckwear,
Fancy Half-Hose, Fancy Vests.



O'Reilly's Clothing Store,

Third and New Streets, South Bethlehem.

